



LONG- FELT WANTS.

A DRAWING-ROOM "CUBICLE" SYSTEM, FOR ENTERTAINING GROUPS OF VISITORS WHO DON'T HIT IT OFF WITH EACH OTHER.

MORE PAGEANT NOTES.

THE postponement of the London Pageant until 1909 gives time to the leading actors to allow the natural changes through which their countenances have to pass to be more gradually consummated. Mr. STEAD, for example, who, on being cast for OLIVER CROMWELL, announced his intention of sacrificing his beard, will now be able to shorten that ornament by such easy stages that when the time comes none of his friends will notice the transformation—just as Milo carried a calf so consistently that it grew into perfect cowhood in his arms practically unobserved.

Great competition has, it is said, already set in for the rôle of DICK WHITTINGTON. Mr. LOUIS WAIN at present is first favourite, being a safe draw with a cat; but both the partners in the firm of GIDDY AND GIDDY are in the running on the strength of their capacity for turning again.

Mr. FRANK WHISKERSON, whose intention, it is said, is to play either *Lord Dundreary* or *Blue Beard*, according to the impulse of the moment, *Blue Beard's* early days having been spent between Maiden Lane and Doctors' Commons, will now be able to subject his chin to that prolonged and careful irrigation without which no really satisfying face fungus can be provoked.

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street will be an interesting character in the Pageant. For her costume Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN is lending a dress length of cloth of gold as used at the famous field meeting between HENRY VIII. and KING FRANCIS. It is doubtful as to who will represent this mother of millions, but the names of both Mrs. EDDY and Madame HUMBERT have been mentioned.

To prevent facetiousness the part of HENRY VIII. will be taken by the head waiter of the Bachelors Club.

The part of EDWARD THE BLACK

PRINCE will be given to BOOKER WASHINGTON, who will be in England for the season.

Another rôle for which there are many claimants is that of Sir WALTER RALEIGH, the salient point in his career that has been chosen being the lighting of his first cigar. No other smoking will be allowed in the Pageant. The choice of the Committee is expected to fall upon Mr. BARRIE.

There is no truth in the statement that Sir RAY LANKESTER will take the part of God.

A number of Suffragettes will walk in procession to symbolise the great city's out-skirts.

Some odd anomalies are promised. Thus the part of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN has fallen to Lord HAWKE.

The Plague of London will be represented by— [No, we daren't. —ED.] Dr. SALEEBY will take a prominent part in the Pageant.

A WEEK OF MY LIFE AT ETON.

NEW STYLE.

[By permission of the Headmaster of Eton, an address was recently delivered to the whole school by Mr. GRAY, of "The Manchester Marchers" (unemployed)].

April 1.—Yesterday the entire staff of assistant masters left and the new system of open-air instruction by outside experts began. In the morning Mr. W. P. BYLES lectured on "The Dangers of Militarism," with special reference to public school cadet corps. Meeting broken up in consequence of allusion to the bloodthirsty cruelty of British soldiers. Mr. BYLES rescued by the Headmaster and conveyed to the station under police escort. In the afternoon address from Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST on "The Cruelty of Boys," with cornet solos and collection on behalf of imprisoned Suffragettes.

April 2.—Visit of Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, and address on "Socialism for Schoolboys." Eloquent appeal to all sons of peers to disown their parents, discard all titles, and repudiate all debts. Mr. GRAYSON carried shoulder high to the river, and taken to the station on one of the Royal Humane Society's drags. In the afternoon lecture by Mr. CLARENCE ROOK of *The Daily Chronicle* on "The Tyranny of the Bath." Mr. Rook also carried shoulder high to the river.

April 3.—A quiet day. In the morning Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN addressed the school on "The Irreducible Minimum of Pocket Money." The great financier said that the burning question in England, and indeed America, at the present time was, "Could a self-respecting Etonian manage to exist on 200 dollars a term?" After describing the arduous youth and early privations of CATO MAJOR, LORD ROTHSCHILD, MR. ROCKEFELLER, and MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, he said that the task was herculean, but not impossible, given that self-denial and Spartan frugality which had always been the distinguishing feature of the British aristocracy. (Great cheering.) There was nothing wrong in the desire to possess money. As the Latin poet put it, the *auri fames* was *sacra* or holy. It was the use one made of it which mattered. A welcome feature of the address was that there was no collection. In the afternoon Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON lectured on the "Evolution of the Eton Jacket," in which he found a complete refutation of the Darwinian hypothesis of the simian ancestry of man. He added

that he was having an Eton jacket built for him by POOLE, to wear with a Panama hat and a pair of accordion-pleated bloomerloons. (Cheers.)

April 5.—A delightful lecture this morning from Lady GROVE on "Social Solecisms." The Headmaster introduced the lecturer as a lady who had risen superior to her status and fearlessly exposed the petty shibboleths of caste. (Loud cheering.) After the first part of the lecture, which was devoted to pronunciation, an examination paper was set in the names of the aristocracy, full marks being awarded to ISIDORE GOLDBERGHEIMER. To celebrate the event a half-holiday was given the school, and the lecture on "Emperors I have Exhausted," by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, postponed till next term.

April 6.—This morning we had a surprise lecture from Mr. A. C. BENSON on "What I would do if I were Headmaster of Eton." The Headmaster, introducing Mr. BENSON, said that the subject of the lecture was apparently somewhat irregular, but hypothesis was always fruitful, and it was the duty of all generous public school boys to hear all sides, no matter how unpalatable. Mr. BENSON then began his lecture by saying that if he were called on to undertake the post of Headmaster of Eton the first thing he would have to do would be to give up writing any more books. This announcement was greeted with such a tempest of dissent that the lecturer found it impossible to proceed, and the whole school spent the rest of the morning in playing the new games of Humanitarian Hockey and Socialistic Spillikins.

April 7.—This morning the school were summoned to attend a controversial debate between Sir OLIVER LODGE and Mr. PETER KEARY on "Success and How to Achieve It." The Headmaster introduced the disputants as two of the master minds of the age, and begged the school to give them an attentive hearing. OLIVER LODGE told us that what we had to do was to spiritualise our intellects. PETER KEARY said this was all bilge. Life was a wrestling match on the catch-as-catch-can principle, and if OLIVER hadn't asked for more he would now be lodging on the cold ground. Ultimately the Headmaster had to separate the combatants and administer first aid to both.

April 8.—Monster round-robin presented to the Headmaster, signed by the entire school, begging for

the reinstatement of the assistant masters and the abandonment of the new system of instruction.

CHARIVARIA.

TARIFF REFORM continues to make converts. The latest of these is Mr. STREAD, who has announced his intention of appearing in the London Pageant as The Protector.

We trust that the new Children's Bill is not so loosely drawn that it will fail in its objects. One provision, we note, authorises the police to confiscate "tobacco" found in the possession of juveniles. The words should surely be "tobacco, or tobacco-like substance"?

The Manchester unemployed not unnaturally failed to make any great impression either on the Harrovians or the Eton boys, the general feeling in these centres of learning being that the visitors were lucky beggars to have no work to do.

"Grosvenor Square is to be paved with wood this year," we read. This gives one some idea of the badness of times, for it used to be paved with gold.

The Daily Chronicle published an interview with an old lady aged 102 last week. Upon being asked to write down her name and age for publication the game old dame quite entered into the spirit of up-to-date journalism by writing, in the first instance:—"SARAH BROWN, aged 1,002."

"It is to be hoped," says the *Lancet*, "that before the end of the year the motor ambulance van will be a familiar object outside the boundaries of the City of London." While such a wish is not unnatural, coming as it does from a medical source, we must confess that we should be better pleased if the ambulance were never required.

"Cremation in this country," says *The British Medical Journal*, "is almost wholly confined to persons of some intellectual distinction." And even they put it off till they die.

But, of course, as the M.C.C. says, the great drawback to ashes is that they are so easily lost.

Thirty men engaged in a tug-of-war with an elephant at Olympia last week for £50. The men won. While



ANOTHER ULTIMATUM.

LORD LANSDOWNE (Editor, reading MS. of poem, "*The Land Ellis o' Bonnie Scotland*"), "BUT SURELY I SENT THIS BACK TO YOU A LONG TIME AGO?"
"C.B." (Spring Poet). "YES, I KNOW. BUT I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE—BEFORE I BLOW YOUR OFFICE UP."

we have no wish to disparage the victors, it strikes us as being just possible that the prize was not a very attractive one to the elephant.

Those persons who have been questioning the wisdom of the Admiralty policy of consigning a number of vessels to the scrap heap are now pointing triumphantly to an incident which happened last week. The torpedo gunboat *Leda* collided with a condemned warship moored off Parkeston, when the vessel which had been declared to be ineffective knocked a large hole in the side of the *Leda*, which narrowly escaped sinking.

A petition signed by 1,035 students of London University, asking that the name of University College should be erased from the Brown Dog Memorial, was read last week at a meeting of the Battersea Borough Council. It was decided to let the petition lie on the table—and the inscription lie on the Memorial.

"Motors badly wanted for the South Leeds Election," stated a notice in a certain Liberal Club on the eve of that event. Clearly a misprint for "voters."

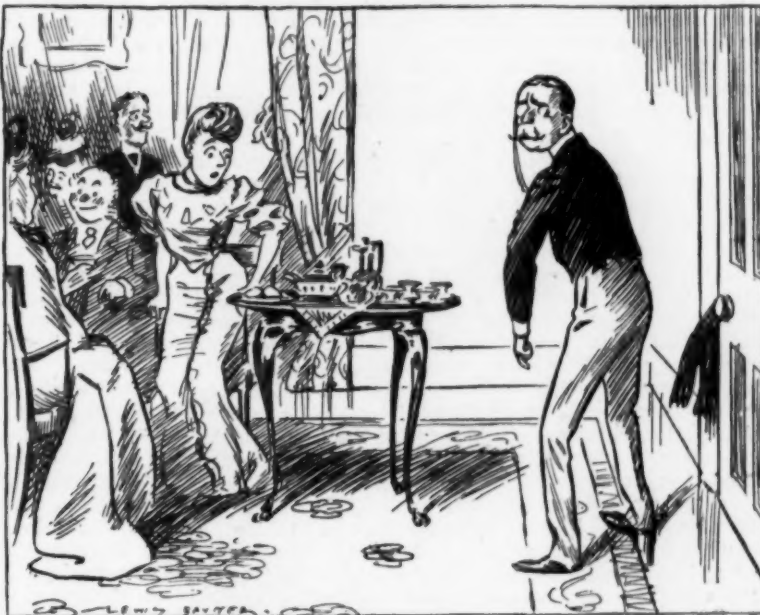
By-the-by, whenever their opponents gain a seat the Liberal newspapers refer to it as a "Tory" victory, and we have always wondered why the Conservative papers, when the conditions are opposite, never call the other side "Whigs." We believe these epithets hurt frightfully, and, everything being fair in war, it is foolish to throw away a weapon.

"The Stockholm correspondent of *The New York Herald* says, 'One of the leading Swedish politicians has told me to-day of a Russian proposal to make the Baltic a *mare clausus*.' This is an item of news which appears in *The Globe*, and we consider that our blushing contemporary does not go a bit too far in heading the paragraph as it does, 'Extraordinary Statement.'"

Mrs. Fox-Davies gives in *The Gentlewoman* an interesting list of names commonly mis-pronounced. Among them we find "HALDANE," which a large number of his supporters mis-pronounce "Aldane."

Suggested title for the inevitable reminiscences of FRANZ VON VELTHEIM—"From Joel to Jail."

STUDIES IN TACT.



CAPTAIN A. IS CALLING ON MRS. B. THE FOOTMAN WHO HAS SHOWN HIM IN IS IN SUCH A HURRY TO CONTINUE A GAME OF BRIDGE IN THE SERVANTS' HALL THAT HE SHUTS CAPTAIN A.'S COAT-TAILS IN THE DOOR, AND AS CAPTAIN A. LUNCHEONED EARLY, AND WANTS HIS TEA, HE QUICKLY ADVANCES, WITH THE ABOVE DEPLORABLE RESULT. WHAT SHOULD MRS. B. DO?



MRS. B. SHOULD SURREPTITIOUSLY SEIZURE THE CAKE-KNIFE FROM THE TEA-TABLE AND ADVANCE TO CAPTAIN A. THEN, BEFORE HER OTHER GUESTS HAVE HAD TIME TO OBSERVE HIM, SHE SHOULD CUT OFF HIS MOUSTACHE. CONCEALING THE KNIFE AND MOUSTACHE ENDS, AND INTERPOSING HERSELF BETWEEN THE GUESTS AND THE COAT-TAILS SUSPENDED IN THE DOOR, SHE SHOULD THEN TAKE CAPTAIN A.'S HAND AND SAY LOUDLY TO THE COMPANY, "MY SON FROM ETON!"

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT TORTOISES.

(With reference to a particular case.)

In all probability there are few men now living who can claim to be as intimately acquainted as I am with the idiosyncrasies of the Common Tortoise. This is not boasting—it is simply stating a plain fact. I ought to know something about Tortoises, after having kept them as pets, employed them as paper-weights, and used them (occasionally) as missiles, for a period of several years. I ought to—and I do. Only this afternoon, in the window of a certain West-End shop where they sell kindergarten toys, I happened to see a glass jar containing what had once been a rather ordinary tortoise. It was now preserved in spirits of wine, and its under-shell had been removed to afford a view of its internal arrangement. Altogether, it formed an instructive, if not a pleasing, plaything for the young. Well, my own studies had been purely psychological—and yet this anatomical revelation came as no surprise to me! It was so exactly what I had always felt intuitively that a tortoise would be like inside!

Sympathy, in my case, had supplied the lack of biological research. My taste for tortoises began on the day I first bought three off a barrow in Oxford Street; the man wanted half-a-crown apiece for them, I remember, but I got a reduction in taking a quantity. Ah, sturdy old "Samson," frolicsome young "Absalom," and shy, bright-eyed little "Lady Godiva" [I always prided myself on finding appropriate names for my tortoises] even as I pen these lines I seem to see your friendly faces around me once more! I do not keep any now, having taken to a motor-car instead; but to this day the most casual reference to a tortoise will strike a responsive chord on my heart-strings, assuming (I have already implied that I am no anatomist) that organ to be constructed on the principle of a harp. Poets seem to think so—and they may be right. Anyway, the reader is now in a position to understand the vibrating thrill of emotion which I experienced the other day on reading the following pathetic appeal to the Editor of *The Daily Mail*:—

"Sir,—(it began, quite simply) *I have had a tortoise for many years, and every winter it has been in the habit of going to sleep from October until March. This winter, however, it has not done so, and has been as lively as it generally is in summer, eating, drinking, and roaming about the house, and sleeping only at night.*

Can anyone enlighten me as to the reason of its strange behaviour?"

I would gladly do all in my power to allay the writer's very natural anxiety—but before I can speak with any certainty I should require rather more precise information. How lively, for instance, is this gentleman's tortoise generally in summer? Is it just sedately cheerful, as a well-regulated reptile should be, or does it eat and drink to excess, and then proceed to riot about the house? A great deal would depend on this. My poor "Podasokus"—one of the most promising young tortoises I ever possessed—perished of premature decay, entirely brought on by want of ordinary self-control.

Then what about the family history of *The Mail* correspondent's tortoise? I mean, is there any hereditary tendency to insomnia? Is he quite certain that it *ever* does go to sleep, even at night? It may lie awake and brood; it is not generally known, but some tortoises are rather liable to morbid introspection. I don't quite like its habit of roaming all over the house—it seems to

point to its having something on its mind. Grief, possibly, or remorse. Which reminds me of "Barbara," an extremely amiable tortoise I once owned (we called it "Barbarossa" for a long time, but had to alter the name when it laid an egg unexpectedly). Well, "Barbara" struck up a sort of friendship with a tortoiseshell Tom of ours. They used to play together—at least, the Tom would sit by "Barbara's" shell and claw her head the moment it protruded. It seemed a poor game from "Barbara's" point of view, but she and the cat understood one another. She used to take him out poaching; or else the cat took her out poaching—we were never quite sure which. And one day "Barbara" came back from the coverts alone, with every sign of agitation and concern. On examining her shell, I found it dented as though by a charge of small shot. Later we discovered the body of the cat lying in the bracken, and guessed what had happened—a keeper must have fired at "Barbara," and the shot had *ricoché'd*. But "Barbara" couldn't forgive herself for the accident. For weeks she rambled restlessly up and down stairs, searching for her lost playfellow, and mewing, as tortoises will in distress, like a kitten! Eventually Time the Consoler brought oblivion; but "Barbara" never quite recovered her former spirits. (I sent a full account of all this at the time to *The Spectator*, but they didn't put it in. I don't know why.)

If the abnormal restlessness cannot be accounted for in any of these ways, it may arise from some premonition of danger. A tortoise has a singular instinct for foreseeing peril, and will often display remarkable courage and resolution when the emergency arises. I had a very worthy tortoise once of the name of "Archibald," which, when autumn came round, could not be induced to hibernate as usual, either by persuasion or threats—and I tried both. One or two neighbouring houses had been broken into recently—but it never occurred to me that the fact could have any connection with "Archibald's" extraordinary conduct.

One night, however, I became aware that there was a burglar in the room immediately below mine. I heard him so distinctly that it was unnecessary to go down and investigate. I knew that, if I could only retain sufficient presence of mind to stay in bed, the burglar would go away in time of his own accord. Not that this one did; they found him next morning in a swoon under the sideboard, with "Archibald" still hanging gamely on to his left calf!

The burglar was very unwell afterwards—and so was "Archibald." Blood-poisoning was said to be the cause in both cases. I fancy the burglar must have been in poor health at the time. Thanks, however, to careful nursing, each recovered; "Archibald" retiring, when convalescent, for his annual rest-cure, while the burglar was ultimately removed to Dartmoor. (I sent this anecdote, too, to *The Spectator*—but they never published it. I don't think the Editor takes much interest in tortoises.)

Is it not just possible that *The Daily Mail* gentleman's tortoise may really be fast asleep all the time—in short, a somnambulist? If so, he should be careful not to awake it too suddenly, as I did my poor "Matilda"—a lovable but sadly neurotic creature. I acted entirely for the best—but I see now that it was a mistake to restore her to consciousness by such means as a soda-water syphon. She survived, it is true—but with a reason permanently unhinged.

One last explanation occurs to me: I recollect being completely mystified once by the unaccountable pro-



Ragman. "ONY RAGS OR BOTTLES—ONY BOTTLES?"

Sandy (busy with a new bottle of the "Auld Kirk"). "A' RICHT, MON—JUST A MEENIT."

ceedings of another tortoise I had, which I called "Hoplite." Its temperament, which hitherto had shown no trace of levity, suddenly became almost painfully frivolous and irresponsible. I could not imagine what on earth possessed the thing! But at length I found out that an acquaintance, whose psychical powers have been exceptionally developed, had taken what I must describe as the unpardonable liberty of hypnotising the unhappy animal without my permission. He had actually impressed it with the conviction that it was a hare!

I have only volunteered these reminiscences and suggestions because I cannot bear to see any man in trouble about his tortoise without making some attempt to solve his difficulties by the light of my own experience. And if I were he I should try not to worry over it. After all, there is always a chance that there may not be anything very serious the matter with the tortoise.

F. A.

Mr. Punch's suggestion to Inspector SCANTLEBURY:—"A special line of hose for ladies."

Secrets of Success.
"How I ESCAPED."

BY DE WET.

"This force frequently chased De Wet, Captain Morrison-Bell and his men often sleeping in their boots for weeks at a time."—*Gloucestershire Standard*.

PITHY NEWS FROM THE COURTS.

"Campbell Bannerman, sixty-four, of no fixed abode, was remanded at Croydon charged with attempting to obtain five shillings by a trick from Det.-Sergt. Walters."—*Evening News*.

HENRY ASQUITH, fifty-five, giving an address in Cavendish Square, was charged at Westminster with attempting to obtain by false pretences money intended for the Navy. The prisoner pleaded guilty, but excused his conduct on the ground that he fully intended to devote the money to Old Age Pensions. As this particular kind of fraud is very rife just now, and it is supposed that HENRY is not the only one concerned, he was remanded in order that further enquiries might be made.

"At Winchester he showed his abilities with the bat, and at Eton he won the position of captain. It was the same at Oxford." *The Globe*.

But what, oh what did he do at Cambridge?

"Face to face with the ugly anomalies of industrial England, and sharpened on the Carlylean grindstone, Ruskin's artistic temperament became a spur in the flanks of an intransigent idealism."

We have been meaning to say this for weeks, and now *The Glasgow Herald* has stepped in and taken the words out of our mouth. It is very hard.

THE LOST HEIR.

SYNOPSIS.

[The Earl of BRASENOSE, son of the Duke and Duchess of BATTLEDOWN, carelessly mislaid by the Duchess when he is eight months old, has been secured by Mr. WILLIAM OATES, the ducal coachman. He hands the child over to his mother, the proprietress of an animal shop in the Seven Dials. She brings the Earl up to the best of her ability, and under her care, while ignorant of his noble origin, he acquires a fine sporting command of the English language as spoken in the Dials. He passes under the name of THOMAS OATES.]

PART IV.

IN Battledown House from day to day
Affairs went on in the usual way.
One child they had had and lost: no other
Was ever to call the Duchess mother.
A house with never a girl or boy
Is certainly not a house of joy;
But after all, when you own a yacht,
A moor, a forest, and quite a lot
Of castles and palaces here and there,
The grief you feel for a missing heir
Instead of being a wild *crescendo*
Is apt to be planned on a *diminuendo*.
And so, having passed through the first mad flurry
Of loss, they finally ceased to worry.

But still at times the Duchess felt a sense of something lacking.

A something quite elusive that she couldn't well define;

That came upon her suddenly when breakfasting, or packing,

Or sitting at the opera, or going out to dine.

A sort of void that didn't ache, but yet possessed an ache or two,

That sometimes made her somnolent and sometimes seemed to wake her, too;

That sometimes made her garrulous and sometimes made her still,

Determined or affectionate or quite bereft of will.

She took to keeping tortoisés; she had a cage of bats;
A pink-eyed rat became her joy, a very queen of rats.
She thought of breeding yaks and gnus; she had a tank of seals;

A score of twinkle-footed "Poms" went yapping at her heels.

And, spite of all the Duke could say his town house came to be,

Instead of being fit for him, a vast menagerie.

A keeper being requisite, she went to WILLIAM OATES:

She said, "I want a lively boy to come and groom their coats;

To feed them when it's time for food, and generally do whatever may be good for them. I don't know one; do you?"

NOW Mr. WILLIAM OATES was growing old:
And sometimes, as will happen with the old,
His conscience pricked him for that he had filched
The little Earl and never said a word.

Oh, what a chance was here! He might restore

A son to both his parents, not, of course,

As being their son, but in another guise;

And Fate, that weaves our lots to all of us,

To Dukes and Duchesses and coachmen, too,

And lads and ladies of the Seven Dials—

Fate would provide the sequel and the end.

So thought, so done. "Your Grace," he said, "I know

A sturdy boy, a very willing boy:—

He's twelve years old, and all his life was spent
With fur and feather. He can come at once.

OATES is his name, he being, I believe,

My mother's uncle's cousin's aunt's first cousin,

Or something similar that makes him kin

To me and mine." "Engage him," said the Duchess.

(To be concluded next week.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"TAXIMO."—Your best plan, if you want to take a licensed motor-cab from the rank in Piccadilly or at Hyde Park Corner, is to knock at the door of the Shelter, raise your hat, drop on bended knee, and implore one of the haughty ones for his patronage. He will ask you contemptuously where you want to go, and you had better leave in his hands the choice of your destination. You may with luck be taken somewhere, but your chance will be greatly reduced if a gramophone concert is going on at the time inside the Shelter.

"LITTLE NAVY."—So you prefer Old Age Pensions to an adequate Fleet? But have you properly considered whether we should be in a position to enjoy to the full our Old Age Pensions if we had already perished in our beds at the hand of the Invader? You should consult Mr. ASQUITH. He is said to have very firm views on the question.

"PRO-ZAKKA."—You are wrong in supposing that a week-end in Bombay is all that you want. Ten days is the minimum period of residence in India required to give you a real inside experience of the religious, political and social life of the numerous races which make up its native population. That great expert Dr. RUTHERFORD took no less than *six weeks* to perfect his first-hand knowledge of our Indian Government's "misrule."

"PITITE."—We understand that after the passing of Mr. WILL THORNE's Eight Hours For Everybody Bill the universal working day will be from 10 to 6. Enquiries at the best Working-Men's Clubs show a general expression of feeling that this arrangement will conflict less than any other with the convenience of the labouring classes.

"CANTAB."—We do not share your discouragement on reading in *The Pall Mall Gazette* that several of the Cambridge crew "seem unable to hit the water during the swing forward." We have met winning crews before now who steadily declined to collide with the river in this manner. "See our oars with feathered spray" was written by a poet, and he knew no better.

"ANTI-SUFFRAGETTE."—You are quite wrong in supposing that "Pantechnicon" is derived from two Greek words, *pan*, black, and *technicon*, Maria. By derivation it really means something "altogether artful."

"INDIGNANT MALE."—We cannot go with you so far as to say that the responsible Press of this country is in the pay of the Suffragettes. But we admit that the service rendered to their cause by the persistent publication of the names of every obscure female who gets herself arrested by a reluctant policeman gives colour to your grave suspicion.

"PRIMAVERA."—No. We think that what you noticed must have been a crocus. It is too early for the cuckoo.
O. S.



Vicar. "WELL, MR. STOGGINS, HOW ARE YOU TO-DAY?"

Cobbler. "VERY BAD, SIR."

Vicar. "AND WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

Cobbler. "AH, SIR, IT'S MY LEGS. THEY BE WONDERFUL BAD!"

Vicar. "DEAR ME! HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN LIKE THIS?"

Cobbler. "WHY, SIR, THESE LEGS, IF YOU BELIEVE ME, I'VE HAD 'EM ON AND OFF FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS!"

"LO! THE POOR INDIAN."

[Mr. Lupton (L., Lincolnshire, Sleaford).—Will the right hon. gentleman cable instructions that the soldiers shall not destroy barns, gardens, or orchards, or turn women out into the cold?—House of Commons, Feb. 11.]

PUNJAB EXPEDITIONARY FORCE. GENERAL ORDERS.

Feb., 1908.

OWING to the well-known fact that Englishmen, after a month's residence in a British Colony or Possession, become ferocious savages, it is important that the attention of all ranks should be specially called to the following orders:—

1. Contrary to the usual practice, women and children captured on this expedition will not be flayed alive.
2. The regulations till now in force, enjoining the sacking, burning, and

laying waste of the entire country, will be suspended from this date. Any man found setting fire to a stone *sangar* will have his matches confiscated, and will send a written apology to the landlord.

3. In the event of an officer or soldier fracturing the greenhouses, hothouses, and conservatories on the line of march, and plucking the rare tropical fruits therein contained, he and his regiment will be at once sent to the base; and a new greenhouse, hothouse, or conservatory (as the case may be) will be forwarded per runner, and charged on the barrack damages of the unit in question.

4. It having been brought to the notice of the G.O.C. that firearms have been found in the possession of some individuals of the Expeditionary Force, it is hereby notified

that this unauthorised practice must be discontinued. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon all concerned that any hint of violence is foreign to the purpose of the expedition, and must be rigorously avoided.

5. It is now well understood that the *Zakka Khels* are in reality perfectly peaceful persons, who only give way to murder and robbery as the result of an emotional temperament. Being gentle and timid by nature, they must not be alarmed by the sudden appearance of a combined body of troops. The advance will therefore be carried out in ones and twos at 100 yards interval. The files will stroll forward carelessly (but keeping strictly to their alignment and dressing), and chat lightly on any flora and fauna they may observe.



Solicitor. "HERE IS THE CHEQUE FOR THE RESIDUE OF YOUR UNCLE'S PERSONAL ESTATE, LESS LEGAL EXPENSES. I AM SORRY THAT THESE HAVE BEEN SO HEAVY."

Client. "THANKS, SO MUCH. ER—BY THE WAY, I SUPPOSE IT WAS MY UNCLE WHO DIED, AND NOT YOURS?"

PEARCE AND PLENTY.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—While MR. ROBERT PEARCE'S Bill for Providing More Daylight is before the public, I want to enlist your sympathies for a similar little project of my own.

This scheme is to provide everyone with more money by renaming the various coins now in circulation. It is extremely simple, perfectly practical, and the general verdict can only be one of amazement that no one has thought of it before. There will be no disorganisation of the currency, no calling in of the coins, and no new and elaborate machinery required.

I simply propose to call the shilling a sovereign and to regard it as one. The consequence is that it becomes a sovereign. The sixpence I call half-a-sovereign; the threepenny-piece a crown. In the bronze series the penny becomes a shilling, the halfpenny sixpence, and the farthing threepence. I admit that this adjustment presents a slight discrepancy, as the man who has thoughtfully provided himself with a large reserve of threepenny pieces (presumably for charitable purposes) will find himself at a financial advantage

compared with his neighbour whose small change is composed exclusively of bronze. Do you think that it would be practicable, while regarding the single penny as a shilling, to accept the tender of three together as equivalent to five shillings, or does this, in your opinion, detract from the rigid simplicity of the scheme?

The gold certainly seems to present some features that call for a little manipulation. My first impulse was to accept the sovereign as a five-pound note, but as we already have the shilling (old style) as a sovereign the proportion would tend to bring gold into disrepute and to demoralise the money market. I should propose, therefore, to regard the sovereign as a twenty-pound note, the five as a one-hundred pound note, and so on.

The chief difficulty lies in making a start, but I find people wonderfully intelligent. I explained the scheme yesterday to PUMMET, my occasional gardener. After listening attentively he said, in his slow way, "Well, sir, why not make the start yourself? Then I daresay others would follow."

"Certainly, PUMMET," I replied, thinking that the occasion might serve for a little pleasantry; "I will. Here is your money for to-day; never

mind the trifling change," and I gave him a threepenny bit.

"Thank you, sir," he replied thoughtfully. "And while I remember I may as well give you the change out of that sovereign that I had of you for pea-sticks—fifteen-and-six." With that he handed me a sixpence, my own coin, and a half-penny.

The one indispensable condition, I find, is that everyone must agree to begin the new style at a given moment, say at midnight on December 31 next.

Yours, A COMING MIDAS.

Too Old at 9.

"Who stand in our way but a handful of men who belong to the past century? The law of nature will deal with those old gentlemen in due course."—Mrs. Pethick Lawrence at Caxton Hall.

The Economical Scot.

"A match took place yesterday in connection with the Middle District of Atholl Rifle Club, Ballinluig, for the purpose of testing the new rifle and bullet recently purchased by the club."—*Evening Telegraph*.

"After you with the bullet" is the eager cry of the members!



SAVED FOR THE STATE.

HUMANITY. "GIVE THE CHILD TO ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 10. — PRINCE ARTHUR back again, showing evident signs of recent illness. Would do better to take a fortnight's holiday in sunnier clime. But duty calls to Westminster, and hither he comes. Hearty cheer, in which both sides join, welcomes him. C.B., who also looks as if he, too, were better in bed, rising to reply to question, gives graceful expression to the meaning of the cheer. As the incident closes, news comes from across the way that Leader of House of Lords has been bowled over by common enemy. Thus, in the midst of life, are we in grip of influenza.

Member long familiarly known as SAM EVANS also comes back, bringing his sheaves with him in shape of Solicitor-Generalship and a Knighthood. (Mustn't call him SAM any more, but to begin with Sir SAMUEL seems rather a mouthful.) Towards close of sitting he made first appearance on Treasury Bench in new Ministerial capacity. General cheer testified to appreciation of merit and wide approval of its guerdon. It has been won by sheer capacity, unassisted by adventitious circumstances. Loyal to his Party, S. T. has never been abjectly subservient to the Whip. Has, indeed, on more than one occasion been embarrassingly independent, which makes the appointment more honourable on both sides.

New Solicitor-General is formidable recruit to already overwhelming debating force on Treasury Bench. Among private Members SARK always placed him in first rank. He is absolutely free from that peculiar, indefinable atmosphere with which what Dizzy used to call "gentlemen of the long robe" surround themselves when addressing House of Commons. HERSHELL was conspicuous exception. So was EDWARD CLARKE. In present day ASQUITH succeeds. Would be much easier to mention names of men who carry all before them at the Bar, but here succeed chiefly in moving Members towards the door. As they address "M' Lud" in the SPEAKER'S Chair you can almost hear the rustle of silken gowns worn elsewhere.

From the first, SAM EVANS caught on the indescribable, incommunicable House-of-Commons manner. Alert, resourceful, fluent, he has the gift of humour whose price is above rubies. One night during last Parliament, dropping in whilst



"I doffed the cocked hat of the Minister and resumed the full-bottomed wig of the lawyer."
(Mr. H-d-ne.)

Minister in charge of a Bill was concluding a speech, he jumped up to reply. Subject one with which he was intimately acquainted. Only difficulty was he had not heard the discourse to which he volunteered answer. That would have discomfited some men. S. T. pounded along, cautiously at first, but, assisted by whispered hints from friends who had heard the speech, he accomplished a brilliant reply that left the wondering Minister overwhelmed.

Business done.—Army Supplementary Vote agreed to in time to get off for eight o'clock dinner.

Tuesday.—If you want to make your flesh creep, JOHN ROCHE is your man. Nature has gifted Member for East Galway with advantages unknown to the *Fat Boy*. Sombre in appearance, mysteriously low in voice, prone to pauses in which the shivering listener imagines he sees fresh horrors, he held the House in thrall whilst he disclosed newly discovered plot for the defamation of Ireland.

Of course an Irishman was the alleged conspirator. It is the crowning sadness of Ireland that its enemies are those of its own household, its traitors nourished within its own camp.

JOHN was so appalled by fresh infamy he had unearthed that he found it difficult fully to open his mouth in articulation of the narrative. This, combined with fine Galway accent, made story difficult to follow in all its details. No doubt, however, that Lord ASHTOWN was suspected of being at bottom of bad business. Nationalist idea of that nobleman fantastically melodramatic. When they draw him it is done in the "two-pence coloured" style of Early Victorian dramatic portraiture. He is the landlord who, according to popular belief, recently blew himself up. Obviously a work of supererogation. Plenty of patriots ready to blow up an Irish landlord, figuratively or bodily, without troubling him to take a hand in act of discipline.

JOHN ROCHE has discovered fresh

eccentricity on part of this hapless nobleman. It is alleged that Lord ASHTOWN, in the solitude of his chamber, the blackness of his heart, devised a little scheme excelling in childish melodrama the earlier plot attributed to him. He wrote anonymous letters to five of JOHN's blameless constituents, inciting them at a certain hour to blow up the village church, including the Priest and congregation. This done, he with superhuman cunning communicated with the police, informing them that at such an hour on such a day the murderous attempt would be made, warning them to be on the spot to arrest the intending malefactors.

In support of his case JOHN read the letter. From conditions hinted at, he was not audible throughout, a circumstance which, designedly or not, contributed to eeriness of episode. In Mrs. RADCLIFFE's novels candle usually went out in turret room of moated castle at critical moment. So our JOHN, when he came to particularly blood-curdling passage in the narrative, dropped his voice to hoarse whisper. Members craning their necks caught here and there a sentence in which TOX, the person addressed, was warned not to make mistake and place the bomb at the wrong door; was further entreated, if he was afraid of the job, to hand it on to another patriot—the job being the blowing up of his beloved Priest and the slaughter of his neighbours. All discussed in fluent, precise, unemotional phrase, as if the matter at issue were sale of a pound of butter or a pint of butter-milk. The letters, it is true, were anonymous. But JOHN knew they were written by Lord ASHTOWN. Why? Because he was in Dublin the day they were posted, and the letters bore the Dublin postmark. Q.E.D.

This is trivial. All the same there remains the admitted fact that Lord ASHTOWN informed the police that on the night of the 31st August, the date fixed in the anonymous letter, outrage would be attempted on the church in question. On the face of it a remarkable case of second sight.

Business done.—Vote of £2,500 on account of law charges in Ireland agreed to. As SARK says, If there is no law in Ireland there are law charges. CARSON, momentarily dropping Party feeling in professional pride, admitted gratification in reflecting that the money went into the pockets of the lawyers.

Friday.—Bill reforming and amending law relating to Protection



An offence under the new Protection of Children Act. Winston takes his last cigarette before the Bill is passed.

of Children printed and circulated. Confirms impression made by HERBERT SAMUEL's masterly ten-minutes speech on introducing it. The House, weary of the Irish question, sick of wrangles round Education, tired of the Territorial Army, dubious about



Samuel smiles (not the author of "Self-Help" but the introducer of the Bill for the Protection of Children).

Mr. H-b-rt S-m-l.

Old Age Pensions, learns with keen pleasure that the Government have found time to listen to the Cry of the Children. Having undertaken the task of reformation, they deal with it comprehensively. Among measures of the Session, the Children's Charter is a veritable DANIEL LAMBERT. Embodying sixty-four clauses, it covers seventy printed pages, consolidates twenty-two statutes, and introduces provisions of its own.

House tickled by one designed to put down cigarette smoking. Picture of burly policeman manœuvring for capture of small boy with cigarette in mouth "crosses the eye," as upon a historic occasion an anonymous housemaid affected the vision of late Lord SALISBURY. That merely a detail in carefully thought out scheme for welfare of the little ones. On introduction Bill greeted with chorus of approval that seemed to presage speedy triumphant passage. Will be interesting to follow its course, everyone doing what he can to avoid its being shouldered out by more pretentious but less useful measures.

Business done.—Second Reading of Ecclesiastical Disorders Bill moved.

THE LYING JADE AND "THE THUNDERER."

A WEALTHY German syndicate has, it is said, made overtures to *The Times* with a view to purchase, but so far without success. Their object is to develop in the paper a policy of strict retrenchment and economy with regard to the British Navy.

The rumour that the staff of the late *Tribune* have bought *The Times* is false. They have done no such thing.

Mr. J. A. SPENDER, in spite of numerous suggestions of his friends, will not at present edit *The Times*.

There seems to be no truth in the report that HACKENSCHMIDT visited *The Times* office yesterday and came away with the whole plant on his back.

Among the latest news concerning *The Times* is the persistent rumour that a syndicate of music-hall performers will purchase it for a song or two, and run it as the organ of the Federation against Mr. STOLL. Mr. STOLL is reported to have said that he does not mind, and that he will back the Coliseum stage to maintain a more equable and rapid circulation.

Mr. FROHMAN was met in the Strand yesterday walking rapidly in



Huntsman. "NOW THEN, COME ALONG, DO! DO YOU KNOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HELPER ME CATCH A FOX? I DON'T BELIEVE YOU COULD CATCH A SNAIL UNLESS YOU MET 'IM IN A NARROW LANE!"

an eastern direction. It is conjectured he was on his way to buy *The Times*.

The rumour that a syndicate of Tierra del Fuego gentlemen has been formed to purchase *The Times* is current, but up to the time of going to press we have not been able to obtain either corroboration or denial.

It is announced that Mr. G. H. Druce has no longer any intention of bidding for *The Times*.

The statement that *The Times* will continue to be published every day at threepence and contain good

foreign news and an assortment of home correspondence is considered absurd.

From *The Times* of 2008.

FEBRUARY 19.

Rumours as to the purchase of this venerable sheet by this and that syndicate are still rife. Meanwhile business is conducted as usual.

"Rainfall statistics show that the rainfall of April is considerably heavier in December than in the preceding month of November."

Civil and Military Gazette.

Of course statistics can prove anything.

Singular Experiences.

I.—MRS. JENNINGS'.

"Mrs. Jennings, in her endeavour to pursue the animal, had a singular experience. She sat down on some stones while the storm was at its height and removed her shoes and stockings." — *East London Daily Dispatch.*

"Young man wants a situation as ruler."

New Orleans World.

If he cares to come temporarily as a pot of gum there is a vacancy here for him.

DIANA OF THE CROSS FACE.

THE prospect of a scene in a shop-dormitory, with the "young ladies" undressing for bed, threatens to draw half the manhood of London to the Kingsway Theatre to see *Diana of Dobson's*. But when I say that the only visible nightdress—stuffy pink flannelette—is drawn on over the whole of the owner's clothes, with the exception of her skirt and bodice—it will be seen that the standard of propriety is a lofty one. For the rest, the scene is human enough; and it is only *Diana* herself that here, as in the Third Act, disturbs the atmosphere of probability with her shrill platitudes. The play indeed is a curious medley of rant and reserve. Nothing could be more admirable than the restraint of the Fourth Act—on the Embankment—with everybody playing in quiet undertones. And nothing could be much more blatant than the outburst of *Diana* in the Third Act, when she finds that the son of a peer is a little disappointed to learn that she is a penniless shopgirl, and not a woman of his own caste with a moderately comfortable revenue—as she had given everybody to understand. One of these days we must have a play written round an ill-paid shopwalker who poses, out at St. Moritz, as a gentleman of leisure. He shall engage the affections of a Duke's daughter, and then, when she flinches on learning the facts, he shall abuse her at the top of his voice for a contemptible snob for whom a world of honest workers has no sort of use. And the clever author of *Diana of Dobson's* shall be asked to occupy the stage-box, and see herself as we other men see her in her present play.

All the same, the occupants of the Pit had a glorious evening. Accommodated in the last row of the stalls—a place of splendid vantage—my spinal cord trembled to every spasm of their emotions. Loud and irrepressible giggles greeted the dormitory scene. The sentiment of the play—never too subtle—went straight home to their bosoms; its humour—seldom too recondite—to their intelligence. Personally I was not very happy about that charming actress Miss LENA ASHWELL. It may be that the dismal character of her accustomed rôles has affected her manner; but she wore almost throughout an air of rather repellent boredom; when she spoke in low tones, it was a sort of monotonous recitative; her higher

notes were metallic and harsh. In the First Act she promised to drink with great gaiety the swift cup of joy as far as her legacy of £300 would allow her; but nobody who saw her in the earlier of the two scenes at Pontresina, when she was supposed to be gyrating in a very vortex of delight, would have guessed, so colourless and sombre was her bearing, that she was having the time of her life. True, the company at the hotel were a dullish lot; but she might have moved on if they weren't to her liking.

Mr. HALLARD, as *Captain the Hon. Victor Bretherton*, late of the Welsh Guards (why shouldn't gallant little Wales have its regiment of Guards?) played very conscientiously. But he should make a closer study—from life of the manners of young ex-Guards-



THE DORMITORY AT DOBSON'S.

men, and then perhaps he wouldn't stroke the back of his head quite so much, or twist his body into such stagey curves, or use his mouth as if he were illustrating a primer of elocution. He was best in seedy clothes on the Embankment, when the L.C.C. sent limited his attitudes, and his pipe was of the essence of the action, instead of being just a stop-gap like the eternal cigarette of the Pontresina episodes. Miss FRANCES IVOR, as *Mrs. Cantelupe*, must have modified her manner a good deal by the second night (when I saw her) if one of the first-night critics was right in charging her with extravagance. Miss GERTRUDE SCOTT, on the other hand, played the part of *Mrs. Whyte Fraser* with an absurd exaggeration of emphasis. Mr. DENNIS EADIE was excellent as *Sir Jabes Grinlay, Bart.*, the Sweater King; but most delightful of all were

the performances of Miss BERYL MERCER as an *Old Woman*, and of Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL as *Police-constable Fellowes*. Their quiet unassertive humour could hardly have been bettered. If I thought I could fall in with such excellent company I should be greatly tempted to try a night out on the Embankment when the weather gets a little milder.

O. S.

BY QUANTITY.

THE illuminating statistics compiled by the publishers of a certain *Encyclopædia* who claim to provide the greatest mass of reading material per penny, are exciting keen emulation in really live advertising circles. We understand that the following examples are to appear in the course of the week:—

A CHALLENGE TO THE SAVOY.

Mr. D. BERNSTEIN (3 minutes' walk from the Standard Theatre), challenges the Savoy Restaurant to disprove the accuracy of the following comparative table, and confidently asks his numerous patrons not to be led away by the specious claims of a rival house.

Cost of meal per person.

CLEOPATRA'S "Pearl-Drop" Repast	£60,000
HELOGABALUS entertains a few friends	£500
Aldermanic banquet	£2 17 6
Savoy Restaurant: "Theatre Supper"	5s.
D. BERNSTEIN'S celebrated "Shoreditch Skate Supper" à prix fixe	7d.

THE VERDICT OF THE TAPE MEASURE.

In calling the attention of the art-loving public to his latest work, Mr. PETER PAUL BROWN (Associate of the Balham Institute of Painters by Hand) confidently invites a close scrutiny of the following comparative table:—

MEISSONIER'S "Soldiers at Cards,"	£30 per square inch.
Modern British Art: Auction Average,	£1 11s. 6d. per square foot.
PETER PAUL BROWN'S "Streatham Common by Moonlight, with a Panoramic Continuation showing Sunrise over the Crystal Palace" (21 ft. by 14 ft.),	5s. 11d. per square yard.

"Milton was a great Poem, he was quite blind but could see enough to write *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*."—From the schoolroom.



THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PUT MUCH MORE NICELY.

Charming Hostess (to dyspeptic guest, who has been refusing dish after dish). "I'M SO DISTRESSED. YOU'VE HAD NO DINNER AT ALL?"
Guest. "THANK YOU—BUT I HAVE TO BE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT MY FOOD."

THE WAY IN.

THIS is the story of RIVERS BANKES,
 Whose writings for long were declined with thanks.
 He wrote an epic of Huns and Franks
 Which *The Pink-un* promptly declined with thanks.
 He wrote a ballad of childish pranks
 Which *The Athenæum* declined with thanks.
 His skit "On a fine Tale-bearing Manx"
 Was declined by *The Daily Mail* with thanks.
 He took to pathos and tears in tanks,
 But *The Tattler* declined his work with thanks.
 A dialogue full of suggestive blanks
The Guardian sadly declined with thanks.
 A story of pirates walking planks
The Woman at Home declined with thanks.
 A talk that he had with a ghost that clanks
The Spectator even declined with thanks.
 A yarn that was spun in unending hanks
The Review of Reviews declined with thanks.
 A thoughtful paper, "With Rod and Spanks,"
 Scholastic organs declined with thanks.

Some field-path rambles in Yorks. and Lanes.
The Automotor declined with thanks.

A Life of the King who was called Longshanks
The Live Stock Journal declined with thanks.

Some talks with cabbies upon the ranks
 Were declined by *The Connoisseur* with thanks.

Indeed it appeared that the whole phalanx
 Of the Press would decline his aid with thanks.

But he now writes essays on new food cranks,
 Which no one ever declines with thanks.

Some of these South African place-names are very misleading. *The Daily Telegraph* reports: "I (Von Veltheim) went to Chase Stanley." In the same spirit we may add that the gentleman in question also proposed a little picnic to Kop Kruger, and organised a disastrous expedition to Bluff Joel."

"In the evening service the Rev. L. G.—again occupied the pulpit and delivered a touching and powerful sermon to a very full congregation."—*Denton Evening Express*.

This raises anew the question, Should there be a time-limit to sermon-licenses?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. DE MORGAN's idea in *Somehow Good* (HEINEMANN) is not new, but his treatment of it has distinction and charm. Mr. Fenwick, or Palliser, or Harrison (he was a nice man all the same), having lost his memory, promptly finds his wife, from whom he had been separated—with complications—for twenty years. He marries her again, and Mrs. Fenwick hopes that those unhappy complications will never be recalled. Any sign of returning memory alarms her, but she cannot help asking questions and playing the game called "nettle-grasping." Mr. DE MORGAN has the gift of making his characters and his readers become one large family party. Sally, for instance, in this book begins by being a slangy girl; moreover she suffers from being called *Kitten* and *Sallykins*, names which certainly did not prejudice me in her favour; but soon I found myself absorbed in her courtship, and wishing that she would not be so slow about it. Mr. DE MORGAN, however, has a habit of apologising for his own discursiveness which is very disarming. *Somehow Good* is a delightful book, full of humour and the keenest observation, and rising more than once—notably in the scene in which Colonel Lund is dying—to real pathos admirably restrained.

In the first half of *Lethbridge of the Moor* (WERNER LAURIE) there are two distinct stories, one of which tells how George Lethbridge looked upon his neighbour's pheasants when it was dark, and, after an interlude at Dartmoor, found that the way of ex-convicts is exceedingly hard; the other how Arthur Hillyar, tripping

carelessly down the hill of life, was consigned to the same rural retreat for falsifying his accounts with insufficient skill. As long as I was taking *George* and *Arthur* in alternate doses I quite enjoyed myself. But when their lines of life at last converged, and I learnt that they were as like as two peacocks, my heart sank. Not so Mrs. Arthur's. She saw at once that her husband might contrive to escape from prison, and that *George*, his exact image, could be recaptured in his stead. Personally, I would have laid her long odds against the success of her scheme, though to her it seemed as simple as peeling bananas. But I was wrong, as a man always is when he pits his experience against a woman's intuition. As a golfer I would put Mr. MAURICE DRAKE's handicap at about fourteen. He is one of your *splendide mendax* players—brilliant when he has a good lie. Going out with the wind behind him, he puts up very nearly a scratch game. But coming in he gets into difficulties, and instead of playing

for safety, presses and comes to grief, like many a good man before (and behind) him. Still, I am glad he did not tear up his card. After all, it's not such a bad round.

Mr. FISHER UNWIN has printed on the paper wrapper of Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE's book; *The Blue Lagoon*, the words "New Powerful Novel." The description is justified because the story is all that, and more; but the word "powerful" is rather misleading. The writing is powerful, but it has the power of the rapier rather than that of the bludgeon, which, I think, is the kind of force that epithet has come latterly to suggest when applied to fiction. The tale is very slight—there are only three characters in the greater part of it, and one of these dies half-way through—yet so deftly is it dressed that you do not realise the slenderness unless you pause to consider. A ship at sea takes fire; two children, a boy and a girl, leave it in a dinghy with an old sailor; they land on a coral island in the South Pacific, and there live; and the children grow up together, learning the secrets of life as nature reveals them. That is really all there is of it, yet I can say that it is a long time since I read a book more fascinating, more delicately conceived, more healthily nurtured on the fruits of an observation which knows when not to observe.

After an aloof career of several years at a very high figure, under the not too alluring title *Arabia Deserta*, Mr. CHARLES DOUGHTY's great and wonderful story of his travels reappears in a cheaper and more negotiable form as *Wanderings in Arabia* (Duckworth). There had always been a body, fit but few, of literary explorers who knew that Mr.

DOUGHTY's book was in many respects the best book of travel ever written; that little band will now become greatly reinforced. A word or two from Mr. GARNETT's admirable preface may be quoted: "The writer must confess that he knows no other book of travel which makes him so proud that the author is an Englishman. Gentleness, courage, humanity, endurance, and the insight of genius—these were the qualities that carried DOUGHTY safely through his strange achievement of adventuring alone, a professed Christian, amid the fanatical Arabians." Any one wishing to give a boy a rather better present than usual—and one that would lift his imagination as it should be lifted, and fire his blood as it should be fired—ought to make a note of DOUGHTY's *Wanderings in Arabia*.

From a notice board in a Suffolk garden:—

"Notia. Oame groan une 6d. a pott."

One of the worst spelling bees we have seen.



WANTED—

AN UMBRELLA THAT SCREAMS WHEN IT IS LEFT BEHIND.